The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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Poetry.

THE KING'S RING.

I.

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim, true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel, at a glance,
Fit for every change or chance;
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away!"

II.

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to add to these.
But he counted little gain
Treasures of the mine or main.
"What is wealth?" the king would say;
"'Even this shall pass away.'"

III.

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "O, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
'Even this shall pass away.'"

IV.

Lady fairest ever seen
Was the bride he crowned his queen.
Pillowed on the marriage-bed,
Whispering to his soul, he said,
"Though a bridegroom never pressed
Dearer bosom to his breast,
Mortal flesh must come to clay;
'Even this shall pass away.'"

V.

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;
But with patience, day by day,
'Even this shall pass away.'"

VI.

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Gazing at his sculptured name,
Asked himself, "And what is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay;
'Even this shall pass away.'"

VII.

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Spake he with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what of death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
'Even this shall pass away."

THEODORE TILTON.

WRITTEN FOR FUN.

"John Roger's *nine children, and one at the breast*,
Were but nine, as I make it," said Harry;
"There were ten, as I figure it up," said his guest,
"Or there would not have been *one to carry!*"

MY NEIGHBOR ACROSS THE WAY.

The shadows are closing about me,
The mountains have faded to gray,
And the lights are shining brightly
In the home across the way.
I can see the chubby children,
Blithe and bonny at play,
Or nestling about the feet
Of my neighbor across the way.

And now the wise, good father,
With fond and eager pride,
Enters, and clasps in warm embrace
Each child, with wife at his side;
While I sit at my desolate window,
Unlighted by any ray
Of joy within; I can only look
At my neighbor across the way.

The step for which I listen
Comes staggering up the stair.
And my darling baby faces
I have laid to sleep out there,
Where the shades of night are falling,
At the foot of the mountain gray,
And I sit alone at my window,
Seeing my neighbor across the way.

The gloom is closing about me,
The fire burns dim and gray—
And the ashes of desolation
Settle down on my heart for aye.
Oh God! in infinite pity,
Look down on me, I pray,
And keep me from bitter envy
Of my neighbor across the way. C. P. E.

Miscellany.

THE TYPICAL WOMEN OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

BY MRS. EMILY E. FORD.

In two former articles written for the REVOLUTION, we have attempted, in a slight and inexhaustive way, to indicate the position and character of woman in England, as shown by the modern British novelists. Since the writing of the first article, in which some of the heroines of Charles Dickens were mentioned, he has passed from our world. It seems only fair to add here, in honesty and reverence for the dead, what then was non-essential to the side we were looking at, and the points we urged, namely: Charles Dickens seized the finest essence of womanhood in some of his conceptions, and has best displayed the noblest possibilities of the sex. We tenderly love his creations, Agnes, Little Dorritt, Esther Summerson, Lucie Manette, Sissie Hexam, and think of them as friends and models. Like living characters, their examples move us:

"Not too well and good
For human nature's daily food
And yet as spirits still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

We thank him for his tender insight into the hearts of good women.

A foreigner could get no notion of American women, as wives, from American novels. There are not nearly as many novels written here as in England, or France, or Germany. When we read that there were six thousand *accepted* pictures at the last Paris Exhibition, and no artist allowed to send more than two, and think of our Academy, we notice the different directions of talent in the old world and the new. The same thing holds true in all artistic directions. Life is simpler here, and, in some ways, more practical. There is call for ready talent in every direction. A bright nature finds some positive field of actual labor, and uses its perceptions in daily toil, without leisure to reflect and write. The motto of the hour is "Act, act, in the living present," rather than "Look into thy heart, and *write*."

There are no American novels dealing solely with the relations of husband and wife. Romance lingers about girlhood and early manhood, but stops at the threshold of married life. When that comes, with its duties and its engagements, the ideal drops out of history. Description leaves it alone, though it may bloom as vitally in the lives as ever. We think one reason for this is, that married life is often more steadily calm and happy in America than in the old world. Happiness, still, serene, is not a goad to literary labor, and it is easier and pleasanter to live poetry than to write it. In the even flow of comfort and prosperity, there are few struggles to record; and ripples and rapids, the forceful billows, the high tides, are almost necessary to make a picture interesting. For dramatic contrast, there must be shadows; and these lives of light have no marked features. There is also a national sentiment of reverence for what is personal and peculiar in experience. A French author often, from Rousseau to Lamartine, makes literary capital of his joy or his woe. He revels in thefts on the modesty of life, and does not scruple to reveal his most secret shrines to public gaze. Our authors do not like to step behind the veil, and play at once the part of the dissector, and also of him who injects the delicate veins with wax, and makes permanent anatomical preparations for the cabinet or museum. Often, also, our story-writers begin early, and finish writing romances before they pass the golden gate of dreams into real life. Be the reasons what they may, there are almost no novels touching conjugal love and life.

Another difficulty in discovering the American type of women from romances arises from the fact that our nationality is complex, made up of many nationalities, and hardly as yet homogeneous, and distinctively American in character. Take our earliest novelist, Cooper. Whether his origin was English, though his birth was American, his sympathies were intensely with the old country. His ladies are not in the least American, but simply wooden portraits of what he supposes English gentlefolk—deportment people, and badly drawn

pictures at that. While his reputation rests worthily and mainly on his male figures of Pathfinder and his Indian friend, who are life-like, breathing forms, we think only in the homely characters of Judith and Hetty Hutter has he at all approached the same excellence in female portraiture. These girls are alive, and appropriate to their history and training. The spirited, handsome Judith, self-reliant and accustomed to pioneer dangers and expedients, is beautifully contrasted with the feeble-minded Hetty, whose piety protects her better than Judith's wit or courage. No other of his heroines have any thing distinctively American.

Irving, in his short sketch called "The Wife," has a lovely description of mutual trust and devotion.

Miss Warner, in her early stories, goes back to Old England for heroes. She paints rural life in America well, and her women have marked national traits, but most of her American men are failures. A young cadet at West Point is, on the whole, the best, and very like the brave boys that went to our last war. In "Hills of the Shatemuc," she takes an American lad, a farmer's son, and describes, very naturally, his struggles and his success. It is a common and always interesting history, but when he comes to love-making, we disown his nationality. Miss Warner wishes to make conscience pre-eminent—a noble aim; but his goodness is excessively self-conscious, and very disagreable. We hear she is a daughter of an English lawyer, and her training has been entirely English; and though we respect her deep religious feeling, and her refinement of character, we cannot claim her as wholly American.

Mrs. Davis writes powerfully, and strikes heavy blows at caste; but she chooses unusual incident and character, and we are looking for the average, to judge and select as our standard. Indeed, all the stories which blend the Negro and the Caucasian races on terms of equality are yet wholly fictitious. The time may come when the facts will bear out the novel, but that hour has not yet struck.

Not noticing many writers—graceful, good and charming—who will not help us in our search, we must select our types of American women from girlhood rather than maturity; not early girlhood, such as "Faith Gartney," and Mrs. Whitney's other excellent stories would give us, but something riper and mellower.

Hawthorn has left a picture of a New England girl in Hilda, of the "Marble Farm." By her side we place Mrs. Stowe's Pearl of Orr's Island; her Mary Scudder, in the "Minister's Wooing; Henry Ward Beecher's Rose Wentworth; O. W. Holmes' Helen, and the Schoolmistress; and claim them as the best representative women in America, in fiction.

There are differences in these girls. Differences of position and character, but the subtle atmosphere around them is the same. Hilda, the artist, in her lone tower, with its circling doves. Another dove in the dovecote, as innocent and fair as they, has the same halo of light about her solitude as Mary Scudder in her homely kitchen, or walking with Aaron Burr upon the beach, or Rose Wentworth in her cultured parlor or blossoming garden The same gentle purity, dignity and freshness of individual life, and self-reliance. They stand upon their own feet, well planted, and maintain their poise, whatever wind may blow; and these are all from New England.

There are Western women in romance. Those we have seen, in real life, have been careless, pleasing, and prodigal. Not without a certain *elan* and force; often with a conscience tender as to externals, but caring most for the pomps and vanities of life, its successes and its shows, and so indifferent to its true interests. They almost always have a large social talent, and to make a fete brilliant will sacrifice much solid comfort; and thorough, consistent, dutiful living must go by the board for the sake of pleasure. We know one noble Western woman, adorned, not by culture alone, which is a matter of accident, capacity and taste, but gifted by nature in soul and body, finely touched to fine issues, and a saint on earth. Perhaps our judgment is narrow and locally limited, but as we have watched some of the half-trained specimens that fell under our notice, free in speech and action, with a dash of coquetry, and a large share of vanity, craving excitement, and wearying of duty, decking out their small prettiness, and wonderfully brave in cheap ribbons, with their eyes shut to all the real purposes of life, we could not help remembering that in the early beginnings of the Western States, some of them, like Illinois, endangered their state honor, and became a by-word and a reproach among nations. Did the moral atmosphere around these souls taint them in their childhood? Certainly the fierce excitements of life have become in some way necessary to these women. They admire a certain style of fine manner and luxurious living, but thought is stupid, decorous living dreary, and their freedom is not liberty, but lawlessness. We cannot take them as standards of American women.

John Esten Cooke has painted gracefully the Southern girl, but of the present Southern woman we cannot speak. She is in a transition state, and when she comes out of the valley of humiliation, she may be ready and worthy to be the representative woman. Now we cannot trust her.

So we must return to our Yankee girls, and in our next article we will analyze these blossoms, and see how and where they grew.

THE Iowa Legislature has so far yielded to the blandishments of the woman's rights agitators as to repeal the law preventing a mother from inheriting the property of a deceased child on the same terms with the father. It has also so amended the code that the words "white" and "male" are no longer used in describing the essential qualifications of candidates for the bar. There can be no denying the rightfulness of these steps. While a few zealots are prosecuting their ridiculous and impracticable demands for suffrage, women are gradually obtaining what they ought always to have enjoyed—a perfect equality of civil rights.

The success of Harper's *Bazar* is declared to have been the greatest and most rapid of any weekly ever published. That it is edited and managed entirely by a woman seems to have been no hindrance to its prosperity.

SINCE Queen Victoria took her place on the English throne, thirty-three years ago, every throne in Europe, from the least unto the greatest, has changed occupants.

ENGLISH NOVELS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY G. F. BELL.

"MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES." By Anne Isabella Robertson.

As the British authors of fiction who have ventured to illustrate any of the grievances and injustices legally and socially suffered by women are very rare, we think it well to draw the attention of those readers of THE REVOLUTION, who have not yet read them, to the works of Miss Anne Isabella Robertson, which have attained so much popularity in Great Britain.

The merit of these books is enhanced by the fact that they were published before the present movement in favor of Women's Rights commenced in England, and that they contain perfectly original sentiments and opinions. We shall endeavor to give a short review of each of these novels in the order in which they appear.

The first one, entitled "Myself and my Relatives," was published first in *Chambers' Journal*, and afterwards, separately, by Sampson, Low & Co., who have agents for the sale of their books at New York. As each monthly part of the story appeared in the magazine, its popularity increased. Newspapers, from one end of Great Britain to the other, were unanimous in their praises of it. The public were puzzled to know who the author could be of so truthful and powerful a tale—written in a style so peculiarly original, and giving, in its pages, such graphic descriptions of places and people. Several readers were of opinion that the story was the veritable autobiography of a real person; each event was recorded so vividly, and, above all, the feelings of the heroine upon different occasions were so distinctly revealed. No fault hidden; no attempt at the creation of a perfect character. It is this that gives one of its greatest charms to the work. Readers find Jessie Keppleton a very true and human young girl, getting herself into difficulties by her own vanity and selfishness, and passing through great trials, from which she emerges a better person. Her whole life, from early childhood, is sketched with a minuteness that reminds one of some of Balzac's writings.

The reader sees the scenes and the people distinctly before his eyes—the dismal lodging in London where the young heroine is first introduced; the cottage in the country where her father endeavors to make a little money by farming; the dejected, anxious mother, overwhelmed by domestic work and cares; the sensitive boy, Edward; the unruly brother, Robert; the wild, clever little girl planning *Chateaux en Espagne*, even at ten years old; the terrible malady of the unhappy father, and the confusion and poverty in the home, are all described with startling vividness. Then, when the scene changes, and the heroine goes as a grown up young lady on a visit to her rich and aristocratic uncle, Colonel Daubeny, from whose lordly mansion her mother had been discarded for years, for making a poor match, the tale preserves its interest unflaggingly. The journey of the young girl to Ripworth Hall; her nervous fears when approaching the home of her maternal ancestors of which she had so often heard in childhood as of a fairy castle; her gay life of a

few months; her extravagance; her indefinite flirtations; her resolution to marry a rich man, in order to become wealthy in the only way open to her as a woman, are all told with inimitable descriptive power.

Jessie Keppleton is a young girl, clever, beautiful, and possessing many noble qualities, but by no means faultless. She is penniless, and wishes to be independent; she finds out that a poor gentlewoman, by the social customs of her country, can only hope to raise her position by marrying a wealthy man, and she tries to reconcile herself to this degrading mode of worldly advancement, and becomes, in the meantime, attached to a young man of high birth, but very small fortune—forsaking all her cold-blooded plans for this absorbing love. She is full of perplexity, and her difficulties multiply. She enrages her proud uncle by refusing the offer of a rich man, and is sent home to her mother's humble cottage once more, broken in heart, believing that the lover for whose sake she had given up so much is unworthy of her love, and finding that her sister Anna has eloped with a mysterious stranger, while her other sister, Rosa, is dying from the want of proper comforts at home. Perhaps in the whole records of literature there could not be found a more powerful, pathetic, and truthful piece of word-painting than the description of Jessie's journey from Ripworth Hall, and her arrival at her mother's cottage. We will give the following extract from this portion of the tale:

"It was quite dark long before I reached Weston Cricket; and when at length I rattled through its long street, every house, except one or two shops, was closed for the night. Then came the ivy-covered walls of the old Park, with its overhanging trees looking gaunt in the star-light; then the little gate; then the door of my home.

"The cab stopped, and I slowly got out. The deep blue sky glittered with innumerable stars; the frosty air was oppressive. There were the trees, the hedges, the bushes, that I remembered so well, standing with wintry aspect all round. There was the cottage, looking dark and unfriendly before me. No light in the windows, no gleam of lamp through the small fan-light over the door; all was cold, desolate, and still. The driver rapped loudly, and then swung his arms backwards and forwards, and stamped his feet on the step before the hall door, muttering that he was half frozen. Admittance was gained at last. A thin, straight figure was seen dimly in the doorway. 'Mamma! oh, mamma!' I exclaimed, clasping my arms round her with a sudden burst of affection. Her face was cold, very cold: her kiss was cold, too. 'Dear mamma, is there no light anywhere?' said I, as I advanced to the interior in utter darkness. 'Yes, we have one,' answered my mother, 'but I put it out, and had not time to light it, when the rap came to the door.' It seemed to me that there was a tremor and quivering in my mother's voice. We groped our way to the kitchen, and at last arrived there. No wonder mamma felt cold, for the fire in the grate consisted of a few burning cinders which emitted neither heat nor light, except within their own immediate vicinity. You could just see where the grate stood by the faint glare of the embers. Mamma struck a match, and there was a sulphurious smell, and a little round flame of blue light, which was applied to the wick of a thin, yellow tallow candle."

After her long stay amid the luxuries of Ripworth Hall, Jessie, of course, finds her home more wretched than ever. This is a very dark part of her history, illumined only by the noble conduct of some excellent persons. The kind farmers—the Webb's of Thorngrange, and their high-souled domestic, Maggie Bond, will long live in the reader's memory. Who, that ever read it, could forget the terrible burning of the farm house, and Maggie Bond's heroic sacrifice?

Anna Keppleton's mysterious elopement and Jessie's search for her amid the dreary vastness of London, give a sensational zest to the book. Indeed, it has been well said of this remarkable work, that it has all the exciting interest of a highly sensational novel, without a shadow of unreality. Independently of its merits as a story, however, it has a deeply significant importance, as pointing out the misery endured by a clever, high-spirited young girl, at the idea of having no means of earning a respectable or profitable livelihood, except by marriage with some one she does not care about. Her vain longings to be independent, and to help her poverty-stricken family, awoke in her heart thoughts concerning the injustice of the legal and social customs that keep women in slavery, shutting them out from all professions that could advance their position in life. Upon one occasion she reflects thus:

"I had already given away my heart—worthily or unworthily, it did not signify; circumstances had prevented my marrying the person of my choice, and now I was to be doomed to a life of indigence and penury. It is true that I might sacrifice my own feelings and marry some man merely for a maintainance; but how would he value such a wife? Where is the man who would willingly accept the hand of a woman who was ready to marry him merely to obtain food and raiment? Out upon the delicacy of the woman who would prefer to sell herself to the first suitable *parti* presenting himself, in order that she might be fed and housed comfortably, to going forth, in purity and independence to work for her own living! We may call the independent woman, with a sneer, 'strong-minded;' but what shall we call the other?"

And then, in reviewing at the close of the book, her past life—her young dreams—she thus reflects:

"Happy child! I fancied wonderful things were in store for me; that, some how or other, I should yet carve out a brilliant fate for myself and my family. Nobody had then whispered to my innocent ears; 'Little girl be tranquil; ambition is not for women—as they are born, so must they die. Patient must thou wait for what may come to thee. Dare not to stretch out thy hand for aught!' My poor little foolish heart burned with the flame that lights boys and men to deeds of renown; spreading itself wider and wider, adding to the glory of civilization, but which soon becomes extinguished in their sisters, leaving nothing but dead ashes and a dark void behind it. Advancing in years and standing on the threshold of womanhood, I became aware of the startling fact, that a portionless girl in the rank of a gentle woman has only one chance of bettering her worldly condition, and that is, by a prosperous, fortunate marriage. There is no use in saying that things are not so that are so. To speak openly on this subject may seem degrading to the sex which it is now the fashion to laud and flatter; (for the time has happily gone by when women were written of as 'devil's tools,' and thought incapable of one high, noble feeling,) but am I not writing truth? * * * We all know how easy it is to bring up boys and girls to feel respect or contempt for anything. The Brahmin will die rather than taste of animal food, and up to a late period the Hindoo widow went, in all faith, to burn herself on her husband's funeral pile. Women who are urged into matrimony by the dread of contempt and the hope of gaining a position denied to their single sisters, cannot be expected to feel great love for the men they marry, and hence, perhaps the reason of so many ill-assorted unions. Is it not, then, for the interest of men, as well as women, that such a system so degrading and wretched for both should be altered? The remedy is plain: let gentlewomen find work and remuneration for it suitable to their station, which will render their position independent of men—and let it not be imagined for a moment that such independence would make them cease to feel respect or affection for men. Everything that ennobles the mind expands the heart. As freedom elevates man, so it must elevate woman. The cultivation of intellect can never have an unworthy effect on the being that God has endowed with it. No woman would make a less affectionate wife or mother because the position of her sex would be dignified equally in single and married life. Let me point, with all respect, to an illustrious example: 'The only one of her sex in the kingdom whose position is so supremely exalted that marriage could not have increased her dignity, or her power was, (alas! that I should write in the past tense!) as loving and devoted a wife as could be found in all the dominions under her rule. Public position, power, glory, the sway of a mighty sceptre, never robbed husband or children of the affection due to them from the model wife and mother—the occupant of a throne."

We must be brief in our concluding remarks; but if space permitted, we would willingly give more extracts from this tale which so powerfully illustrates many of women's grievances. The author is one of the purest and most christian advocates of women's rights who has ever written on the subject. It must be remembered that it is only within the last year or two that English literature touched upon the question at all. Miss Robertson's novels, nobly advocating the claims of women to fair-play, came out when no one else in Great Britain was thinking of the subject, except a few social science reformers, who were considered eccentric. Her works succeeded each other rapidly in the pages of first-class magazines, from which they were republished immediately in the usual 3 vol. form. Her name never appeared on the title-page of any of them, and they were often supposed to be written by a male author. Others thought one or two of them were the productions of Mrs. Gaskell's pen; but we do not think Mrs. Gaskell ever wrote any book at all equal in wit, humor, or deep insight into human nature to Miss Robertson's works. "Myself and My Relatives" has been often likened to Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and many have prophesied that it will live when most of the celebrated books of the present day have vanished into oblivion. To those who wish to convert an opponent of woman's rights, we recommend "Myself and My Relatives" as the very best instrument to employ. It has already won over numerous enemies to the cause. A dry essay or pamphlet is nothing to it; it contains all the philosophy and force of argument that could be met with in the most profound article of the *Westminster Review*. Set in a brilliant frame, and surrounded by gems that sparkle and allure the reader on, no one who reads the book will deny the genius of the author. It is not surprising that Miss Robertson enlisted herself at once as an active worker in the movement that is now going on in England for the promotion of women's rights. The young author who did not fear to risk profit and fame by advocating, in her books, what was considered an absurd question a year or two ago, was not likely to hang back when help was required of all willing hands—for alas! the willing hands were few. The witty and successful magazine writer, the clever novelest, became the able and practical helper in the woman's rights' work of petitioning Parliament and speaking in public for the good of her sex—revealing her name, at length, when she wished to set an example to others, and breaking, without hesitation, the conventional bonds that so closely bind the young ladies of what is called good society in England, and charming every one, wherever she went to speak of women's claims to justice, by her grace and beauty. In another article, we shall speak of her novels of "Little Flaggs," and "Society in a Garrison Town."

Do not let it be forgotten that Dr. Loring has announced that the Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., will receive young women and teach them horticulture.

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

JULY 13th, 1870.

The event of the week, as far as the movement for women is concerned, has been the appearance of a very able book by Mr. Sheldon Amos, a well-known London barrister. It is entitled "Difference of Sex as a topic of Jurisprudence and Legislation." Mr. Amos holds that political philosophers have hitherto begun at the wrong end, because they have ventured upon no broad conception of social organization, and enunciated no distinct comprehensive themes of marriage and divorce. They have only brought to light particular injuries, and sought their remedy, and accordingly, he proceeds "to sketch out the lineaments of a true human society, such as developing and exercising to the full, all the latent possibilities of the race, will, the more nearly, if it is attained, elevate, rather than debase and corrupt every individual man and woman." After reviewing the historical subordination of the one sex to the other, which was, he asserts, "nothing else than a gross and arbitrary usurpation of power on the part of the physically strong over the physically weak," he maintains that the differences between men and women are due as much to social and political treatment as to structure; and while he acknowledges that the differences in themselves are not an evil, he denies that a uniform and equal legislation will eradicate essential ones; on the contrary, they will be brought out in a far more effectual manner. Such differences are deep and subtle; but ignorant people are apt to confuse the real and unreal; and the great question of the day, is how to remove all the physical barriers which impede the free play upon each other of all oppositions of sex, whether due to disposition or competitive interest. Mr. Amos deals with the all important matter of marriage, as respects *status*, divorce and ownership. And in these chapters I do not pretend to think with him entirely. It is true, that he takes a very high idea of marriage, but he seems, on the whole, to think it could be secured without the interference of the State. I fear that the millenium must commence before we can do without it; and, in the meantime, I do not wish to realize the "shock," which Mr. Amos confesses *might* be the consequences of hastily dispensing with its present power. Under the heading of "Special Legislation for Women," a topic obtaining a greater hold every day upon the English public, and which you have already noticed in your columns, is very ably handled. The agitation, as far as women are concerned, seems to me best left in the hands of Mrs. Butler and her immediate associates, whose position qualifies them for forming an opinion and acting upon it. But I cannot withhold my admiration for the brave way they fearlessly faced this terrible question, and it is certainly owing to their efforts that the legislation complained of has not been extended to the civil population. Part of the question is surely a *doctor's* province, and the doctors disagree on this as upon most subjects, and, therefore, unprofessional people have some diffidence in pronouncing the verdict. Upon one point, however, I confess to a very strong opinion, viz: That inasmuch as these acts are one-sided, and we add another to the long list of indignities to which women have been already subjected, women are right to resist them. But it requires the most careful treatment, and should be left to the wisest and most mature workers, and it is essential, meanwhile, to do our adversaries justice. This is, I believe, an important element in every lasting success, and it is impossible to deny that on the other side are ranged both good and philanthropic men. They may be mistaken, but their motives are above suspicion. We shall never, however, get right in this matter, until we accept Christ's teaching, and own to one law for both men and women, and this is the last stronghold which the sex in power will abdicate, but sooner or later this will come; and I believe the fear of being compelled to sacrifice a license which bad men have hitherto claimed as a necessity, lies at the root of many a hatred to the "Woman's Movement;" for with increased knowledge will surely come the demand for a purer and better state of society than is around us at the present moment. I heard a very powerful allusion to this in a sermon last Sunday morning from one of our ablest and most earnest preachers, the Rev. R. H. Harveis, of St. James' Chapel, Westmoreland street. He was speaking of the false conceptions of marriage abroad in the world, how frequently, during the London season, you heard, in reference to a recent marriage, "Well, he was so clever, and she was so rich!" Not a word about their loving one another, just as if that was the last point to consider. And how, he asked, could we wonder at the revelations around us as long as this state of things lasted?

Mr. Sheldon Amos is at his best when dealing with the political capacity of women; and I hope you have room for an extract or two. After showing that men either enervate themselves by isolated thinking, or brutalize themselves by never-ending work, he observes:

"But there are additional grounds, both in the interests of woman themselves and of the whole community, why no arbitrary line should be drawn between the political capacities of men and women. Unless a woman learn, through personal moral trial what is the nature of an ordinary citizen's public responsibility, there is little likelihood of her attaining that amount of political education which she needs, in order: 1. To stimulate men in the discharge of the duties cast upon them; 2, to train up the coming generation to a grave and prevalent sense of their civil vocation; and, 3, to secure peace and rest for herself amid the conflicting waves of family anxieties and personal disappointments, in the only way in which any human being can secure them; that is, in absorbing and self-sacrificing efforts for great and lasting human ends. * * *

The consequences to the State of restricting the political privileges of woman are even more pernicious and far-reaching than to the women themselves in their personal capacity. Not only are those questions, in which women have, and must have, an apparently or really opposite interest for men, likely to be neglected by a legislature elected wholly by men, but a large class of questions of yearly increasing moment, specially need all the light that the best men and women can jointly shed upon them. Politics is daily becoming a less coarse and cunning art, and its practice is more and more determined by several scientific conceptions and habits, as well as irradiated by a novel class of complex sentiments and aspirations. Furthermore, a class of interests is daily becoming a matter of more serious consideration—such as the administration of poor relief, pauper hospitals, criminal law amendments, reformation of criminals, international relations in respect of marriage, national character, domicile and war, which, for their treatment, make peculiar claims on the very characteristics, designated by some, whether contumeliously or not, as "feminine." All such topics do, indeed, demand in those who approach them a certain freshness of sensibility, a practical tenderness towards obscure and neglected members of the human family, an enlarged conception of a future comprehensiveness of relationship, reaching to all members of that family in all lands, such as women have universally exhibited in at least an equal degree with men. On all these grounds, the exclusion of women form a share in practical political life—can never be justified in reason; and if this is so, it only needs time and habit to make people so far familiar with the opposite conception to express it in action. * * *

There are many pressing questions of social order and progress, which men have become incompetent to gaze upon in their true colors, from the life-long habit of never discussing them in the presence of women, or having them discussed by women. The result is that vicious legislation, thus proceeding solely upon men's view of the matter, goes far to perpetuate itself. Bad laws are made, the sexes are driven more and more asunder; and in the place of a high social unity being perfected through a development of true differences and oppositions, false or imaginary differences are intensified, and startling gaps are opened up in the middle of the body politic, which nothing short of a wholesale sacrifice of the most cherished and antiquated superstitions about the several functions of men and women, can ever close. The conclusion is, that it is for the highest and best interests of all—men and women alike—that upon every one of the urgent problems of the day, whether presented in the family, the State, or the brotherhood of nations, the mind of both sexes, and not of one only, be equally turned. Neither sex can see truly, unless illuminated by the other; neither can feel truly, unless steadied and quickened by the reciprocating sympathy of the other. Where law obtrudes its presence, and affects to separate what is eternally joined together, artificial disunion forthwith takes the place of a living moral co-operation. Admit and encourage such moral co-operation to the full by law, by the elevation of "public opinion," by the formation, in private circles, of generous and intelligent sentiments, and a new creation will displace the grating memories of the effete and turbid old. The men of the future will be greater as men, the women as women, than the men and women of the past; while the true fields in which men and women, severally, can best labor, will manifest themselves with a clearness to which the definitions of law-givers bear about as much resemblance as the cavern torchlight to the mid-day sun."

I do not think you will grudge the space occupied by this long quotation, for it will prove a mine of wealth to all thoughtful workers in the woman question; and I specially value the distinctness with which Mr. Amos declares that essential differences between men and women are what we mean to deepen, not to eradicate; for people are so apt to run away with the notion, that any one who wishes to extend the franchise, and to develop more fully the capacities of women, hopes eventually to turn them into men, or, at least, to enable them, as Mr. McGrigor Allan said on the 4th, at the Victoria Discussion Society, to become "poor, weak, ridiculous travesties of men." Whereas, it is our deep belief in the distinct powers of the sexes, and our sincere conviction of the absolute necessity for the exercise of both, which compels us to acknowledge that until we combine their action, even in reference to the state, we are working from a one-sided point of view. Our opponents acknowledge that while the man provides the home, it is woman's duty to regulate it. All we ask for is an expansion of this; while men, as members of the commonwealth, assist in the maintenance, advancement, and defence of the state, women ought to take their full share in the ordering and comforting of the same.

Before I close this letter, I must say a word or two about one of our most indefatigable and self-denying workers, Maria Rye. She leaves England for Canada to-morrow, taking with her 120 children from Liverpool, Bristol, Chichester, Cheltenham, and Holborn workhouses. "I shall have with me," she writes,

120 children, of whom 110 will be girls, some 16 grown women, and 10 or 12 lads; for my work brings me into contact with some sad cases, to which it is impossible to refuse assistance." And she gives, as an instance, the story of four children, three of whom sail with her. It is just this: A boy of 16, and a girl of 14, brother and sister, left fatherless and motherless, keeping house for a younger brother of 12 and a baby sister of four months! "I need not add," she continues, "that all four are scarcely anything but bones and brave hearts, as they had no relation living who could help them in any way, and no friend, except a poor woman whose husband had once worked for their father."

Miss Rye gives an excellent account of the last corps of young emigrants she took out, 39 having been apprenticed to respectable persons, and 11 adopted.

In both private and official circles here, Miss Rye's admirable scheme of juvenile emigration is appreciated, and I shall close this letter with a remark made by Miss Nightingale to the President of the British and Colonial Emigration Fund. She sent last week a £5 note, observing, "Small as the sum is, I think it is more like casting one's mite into the Temple, to help people to help themselves, than 99 out of the 100 charities; and I wish that at this time nearly all people's charity flowed this way."

LETTER FROM LONDON.

BY REBECCA MOORE.

A VISIT FROM A FRIEND.

I have just had the pleasure of a call from Mrs. W. E. Doggett, whose name is familiar to the readers of the REVOLUTION. I am sorry to have missed seeing her at home, in Manchester, where she has lately been, but count myself fortunate in having met her here. Mrs. Doggett is in the midst of her old world travels, and after some further rambles in European countries, she intends, with her husband and son, to visit the East, before returning to America a year hence. A pilgrimage from Chicago to Jerusalem, with a mind open to the lessons of the ages, made vivid in the present life of all the intervening nations, must indeed be a deep and enriching experience, and give an insight into human history which no pen can paint, and no written record so completely verify. Mrs. Doggett seems well able to avail herself of these advantages, and carries with her those warm sympathies which quicken the mental power of seeing into the life of things. She and her husband were to go to Oxford this week, and afterwards to Paris, on their way to Switzerland. Mrs. Doggett's visit was to Madame Badichau, at whose house I am staying, as well as to myself; but Mme. B. is, just now, out of town. Mrs. Doggett was anxious to enlist our sympathies on behalf of the Convention to be held in New York, in October, upon the Women's Suffrage question, and gave us Mrs. P. W. Davis' message respecting it. English sympathies are not wanting to the Women's Suffrage cause; but the amount of help we can give to one another, across the water, is not limited by distance so much as by the difference in our position and methods of working. This difference is the natural result of the circumstances of each country, and the special character and idiosyncracy of each nation, and not less of the social and political state of our several countries. With the same ends in view, we must work with totally different means, because the material we have to deal with, and the facts and circumstances surrounding us, are totally diverse. Our standpoints, also, are different, and though our aims may be the same, our work must differ both in kind and in degree.

But this does not hinder us from according honor to whom honor is due in America. The signs of the times now seem to prognosticate the success of our cause in your country before it is possible here. Most warmly do we wish you good speed in the work, feeling, as we do, that the progress of the whole human family will be promoted by that success.

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY BILL.

The fate of this bill is still uncertain. In two successive sessions it passed the three readings in the House of Commons, with large majorities. It was rejected by the Lords last year, and it is now condemned by them to a special committee, from which it will probably emerge deprived of some of its most valuable provisions. An excellent article has just appeared in the *Echo*, a London evening paper of very wide circulation, contrasting the Lords' treatment of this most needful measure with that adopted by the legal authorities in your country on the same question. An epitome of the law for married women in New York is given, and its practical workings commended, in contrast to the cruel perversion of justice legalized in England.

To meet, if possible, the exigencies of the present crisis in the fate of the bill, a petition has been presented to the Lords from the Central Executive Committee, for amending the law with respect to the property of married women, praying for the total repeal of the common law of England on this subject, as being both unjust in principle and injurious in practice. The petitioners reply briefly, but lucidly, to the several objections that have been urged against this change in the law, and point out the immediate need for it as a measure of justice and humanity.

"DIFFERENCE OF SEX AS A TOPIC OF JURISPRUDENCE AND LEGISLATION." London: Longman, Green & Co.

This is the title of a most valuable and important work, which has just appeared, by Sheldon Amos, M. A., Professor of Jurisprudence at University College, London.

It is obvious that this question of the legal disabilities of women lies at the root of all the difficulties which we propose to begin to remedy by means of women's suffrage. Space will not permit me to give more than a brief summary of Professor Amos' little work. It consists of four chapters, besides the introduction and conclusion, viz.:

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.
MARRIAGE.
SPECIAL LEGISLATION FOR WOMEN.
POLITICAL CAPACITY OF WOMEN.

Its arguments are clear and unanswerable, and it will prove an indispensable text-book to lecturers and writers on this subject. The author truly says: "The injurious effects of shutting out women from large regions of interest have told quite as heavily upon men as upon women themselves. There are many pressing questions of social order and progress which men have become incompetent to gaze upon in their true colors, from the life-long habit of never discussing them in the presence of women. The result is, that vicious legislation, thus proceeding solely upon man's view of the matter, goes far to perpetuate itself."

This fact has been brought home to us in England, very closely of late, by the one-sided as well as most unwise legislation of our government with regard to prostitution. I can only quote a few of the last sentences of Prof. Amos' treatise, which will commend itself to all thinking minds as a most precious contribution to the "tables of the law:"

"The conclusion is, that it is for the highest and best interests of all—men and women alike—that upon every one of the urgent problems of the day, whether presented in the family, the state, or the brotherhood of nations, the mind of both sexes, and not of one only, be truly turned. Neither sex can see truly unless illuminated by the supplementary light contributed by the other; neither can feel truly unless quickened and steadied by the reciprocating sympathy of the other. Where law obtrudes its pressure, and affects to separate what is eternally joined together, artificial disunion forthwith takes the place of a living moral co-operation. Admit and encourage such moral co-operation to the full by law, by the elevation of public opinion, by the formation, in private circles, of generous and intelligent sentiments, and a new creation will displace the grating memories of the effete and turbid old. The men of the future will be greater as men, the women as women, than the men and women of the past; while the true fields in which men and women severally can, most ably, usefully and happily, labor, will manifest themselves with a clearness to which the definitions of lawgivers bear about as much resemblance as the cavern torchlight to the mid-day sun."

ROYALTY IN LONDON.

The queen and her children have been remarkably active in London during these latter weeks of the season. A day or two after I came to town, the Prince and Princess of Wales laid the foundation-stone of a church for the deaf and dumb—the first for their use in London. Hitherto religious services for the "silent people" have been held every Sunday at the Polytechnic Institution, but henceforth they will have a local habitation of their own at St. Saviour's, Oxford street.

A few days since I met the royal carriages conveying the Queen and the Princesses Louise and Beatrice to the Workmen's International Exhibition, to enjoy a private view before the opening for the general public, which is to take place next week. The Council of this exhibition, which is in the great Agricultural Hall, invited the co-operation of the Society for the Employment of Women to obtain good specimens of women's work, and sent similar notices to all our institutions for promoting the special training of women. Specimens in engraving, wood-carving, glass-engraving and cutting, designing, illuminating, etc., are placed there beside similar work by men.

The Prince of Wales and the Princess Louise have just opened the Thames Embankment, that splendid new roadway, reclaimed from the mudbanks of the riverside. This is one of the greatest improvements of Modern Lon-

don. The broad and beautiful drive by the river brings into view the chief features of the metropolis, from the Tower of London and St. Paul's to the Houses of Parliament, the new seven-partitioned Hospital of St. Thomas, and the old Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth. But the practical value of this noble piece of engineering, in affording space and increased means for health and recreation, in the midst of the crowded city, is a still more important feature of the Victoria Embankment.

PARLIAMENTARY ACHIEVEMENTS.

The close of this session of Parliament will witness the addition to our statute book of two pieces of legislation, the greatness and value of which have rarely been equaled. I refer to the Elementary Education Bill for England, and the Land Bill for Ireland, which are now passing through their final stages. The future of both countries will be largely and beneficially affected by these measures, and though neither bill is as complete as it might be, and both will, no doubt, be considerably amended by our grandchildren, they are good first fruits of our "People's Parliament." Politics are truly said to be a series of compromises, and Mr. Gladstone is a statesman of the compromising type. He does justice of necessity, as it were, when state craft fails. We must give him what credit is his due for safely piloting through the parliamentary rocks and quicksands the two great bills of the session.

FASHIONS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following description of a couple, on their wedding day, in 1770, is amusing and interesting:

To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front with a bosom-pin, rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top of an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches' elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back, and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like a handle to a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentious frill, worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

ROSA BONHEUR has, it is said, over one hundred animals on her little farm.

Letters from Friends.

TO THE GIRLS.

BY LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

DEAR REVOLUTION:—Through your columns, I wish this morning to send a thought to my "girl friends." During the past month I have been in this "Beautiful Land" of Iowa, this progressive young "commonwealth," which has already become the "Mecca" of the liberty-loving and energetic men of the west. Here, where everybody is either a "Judge" or a "General," I have been listening to free, unprejudiced argument for and against woman suffrage, and the result of my listening is this: "Girls, all womanhood is now in the crucible of public opinion. The thinkers of the world are criticising womanhood and woman's work in the world, as never before. We are even now being weighed in the balance. Oh! let us walk so royally, let us endeavor to so unite an earnest purpose with the most complete womanhood, that it will be utterly impossible for any manly critic to trace, on the horizon of our future, "*mene, mene, tekel upharsin.*"

The pon-honor, sober fact is just this: If you expect to appear before the public as an advocate of woman suffrage, you ought to be (so say the critics,) *beautiful*, graceful, witty, logical, accomplished, an excellent housekeeper, a good nurse, dressmaker, milliner, and *married*, with at least six children. In fact, we must *be* the "*angels*" we have been called. And just now, while speaking of angels, when your gentlemen friends of the opposition advise you to remain angels, tell them *frankly* just how *lonely* it is, and that since we are obliged to dwell on the earth a little longer, we would prefer to be *women* and be loved by, and the equals of *men*.

Yes, just now there is a great deal expected of us. Let us endeavor faithfully and earnestly to attain to the highest culture and womanhood. Not as *beggars*, asking for a boon, will we receive the suffrage, but as Napoleon the First, *self-crowned*—royal in womanliness, regally claiming the *insignia* of *our humanity*—the right of *self-government*, as responsible beings before *the law*, human and divine.

And first let us reign by courtesy., When I see a young woman (and alas! the sight is rare) yield her seat in the street car or ferry boat to an aged *man*, then I recognize a born princess, and crown her a true woman. When I see a young girl, thoughtful for other women, for poor women and aged women; when I notice robust sixteen yield the dry crossing to "trembling sixty," I am proud of girlhood. And when I DON'T, I think—well, we are not in danger of instant translation, girls. Life may be so beautifully interpreted by courtesy and kindness. This great homogeneous nation may be woo'd to a higher civilization. Let us not despise the day of little things now, during these perfect days; let us dethrone the tyrant, "Selfishness," and enthrone the angel of thoughtfulness.

The present days are peculiar—"wing-growing days, days of poising for flight."

Throughout our land, in happy homes, are developing the women of the future. What shall we evoke from the chrysalis? Ah! a beautiful winged life—veritable goddesses of liberty and truth. Not with the clashing of arms will we secure our inheritance, but by fare against men, will do it, we greatly fear the *power* of *womanhood* alone,—that womanhood interpreting to the world our humanity.

LETTER FROM FATHER HYACINTHE.

The following letter has been sent us by a friend in Syracuse; and we gladly comply with his request to give it place in THE REVOLUTION:

To Dr. J. N. Cadieux, Corresponding Secretary of the French Temperance and Educational Society of Syracuse, N. Y., America:

SIR: I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by La Societe Francaise de Temperance et d'Education de Syracuse, in making me an honorary member, and although en voyage I hasten to send you my acceptance, together with my thanks.

The same blood, the same language, the same religion, unite me more intimately to you across that ocean which I have traversed, to visit the great Cosmopolitan Republic. How proud, how happy I am of every intelligent, honest and generous effort made by my compatriots in the common work of civilization and Christian progress which seems to be reserved to that new continent!

Temperance, in substituting for the enjoyments of senses which degrade man, the enjoyments of the mind, the heart and the soul which elevate him, is one of the most essential features in the matter of education, and if education was widely, nay, universally, diffused, it would have the power to create a new humanity, and almost as superior to the present humanity as the latter is to barbarism.

Please accept, Monsieur, for you and the members of your honorable Society, with the expression of my gratitude, that of my sentiments of brotherhood and devotedness.

Munich, May 16th, 1870. HYACINTHE LOYSON.

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.—It is an old quip upon women that they cannot keep secrets; but the fact is, they are the only part of humanity that can. A wife keeps a husband's secret incomparably safer than he does hers. We calculate that there is one drunken wife to about four hundred and ninety-nine drunken husbands. In gambling, licentiousness, lying, cheating, hypocrisy, covetousness, there is pretty much the same proportion. Yet of the four hundred and ninety-nine wives, four hundred conceal, cover up, silently endure the terrible secret; while the one husband mourns over his wife's frailty, in the study of his pastor, and to the ear of his friend, and probably complains of it to a court of law. It is the same between brother and sister. The secrets a woman talks about are of the kind that are unimportant and mostly agreeable to her. But of serious secrets she is reticent as the grave. That is our observation, and in our various relations of physician, minister, and unordained lawyer, we have had run for a great deal of observation.—*Baltimore Church Advocate.*

We could keep the above fact a secret, but we think it best that one so important, and, we fear, so little known, should be allowed to leak out, and we thank whoever wrote it for acknowledging woman's capability in a direction where she is so terribly misunderstood and so commonly slandered.

The brave Hindoo widow, who married Mr. Moroba Canoba, has received thousands of rupee's worth of presents, and it is proposed to start a general fund for the endowment of widows who wish to marry again. This is rather hard upon Hindoo spinsters.

A HINDOO proverb says: "Strike not, even with a flower, a wife, though she has a thousand faults."

Children's Corner.

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED.

BY AMELIA E. DALEY.

It was only a little brown seed, that the autumn wind had blown to the widow's garden. It lay close to her doorstep, and before long the loose earth blew over it.

The widow was very poor. She tried to support herself and her lame daughter. She used to plant a few common flowers in her garden, for her daughter to look at, but she could not bestow much time upon their cultivation. On summer days her daughter would sit by the window, and look at the morning glories and the scarlet beans that climbed over the fence—at the grass pinks and the pansies that grew in one corner. In autumn she would watch the marigolds and the "youth in old age"—flowers that grow to be large, as little children grow to be men and women. While daylight lasted her pale face was always to be seen at the window. She had never walked; her hands were almost useless, but she always seemed happy.

The village children loved her, and brought her flowers, the earliest and the latest that bloomed. In return she told them stories that she said the flowers made her think of. She knew the name of every bird that flitted past the window or hopped in the garden, seeking food. She could tell by the sky what the weather was going to be; she knew the time when every tree blossomed, and when every wild flower was most abundant.

The little brown seed was so very small that the lame girl did not see it, neither did the hungry sparrow that hopped on the door-step. It lay where it had fallen, and when winter came it was snug and warm under the snow.

Early one spring morning, as the widow was sweeping her door-step, she saw something green peeping above the soil at its side. She thought it was a weed, and was going to pull it up, but her daughter, who sat by the window, said:

"Oh, no, mother! please let it grow. If it is only a weed, its leaves will be green and beautiful."

Summer passed by. The "weed" grew taller and taller. It was very graceful and was very unlike any other weed that the widow and her daughter had before seen. When summer flowers were gone, and the marigolds and the "youth in old age" were in bloom again, the weed threw out long, slender branches, which in time became buds. The buds opened, and soon the weed was crowned with drooping branches of scarlet. Before many days it was one mass of scarlet. Oh! how that brilliant flower beautified the widow's garden!

One day several children were gathered about the lame girl. It was a warm afternoon; so her chair had been drawn to the open door. The sun shone on the scarlet flower. The children made many exclamations of delight, and the widow's daughter smiled to hear them.

"I wonder how it came here!" cried one child.

"I think I can tell you," replied the widow's daughter. "Many seeds are so small and light that they can be carried about by the wind. I think the seed of this plant was brought here in that way. It must have been very small. Perhaps it was blown from a beautiful garden, full of rare flowers. Just think; so tiny a seed for so wonderful a flower. Do you know what it makes me think of? It makes me think of a man whom I saw a few days ago. He was travel-stained, and worn, and poor. He sat down to rest, on a log near our gate. While he sat there, a little girl went by. She had been to the spring for water, and had her little tin pail in her hand. When she saw the weary man, she stopped, and said:

"'Don't you want some water, sir?'

"He held out his hand, and she gave him the pail, saying:

"'Drink all you want. The spring is near.'

"When the man stopped drinking, she took a little red-cheeked apple from her pocket, and gave it to him with a smile. Then she ran back to the spring for more water. The man looked after her, and said in a low voice: 'God bless you.'

"Then he rose, and went away with a more cheerful face, and I heard him say:

"'I won't be discouraged yet.'"

"How does the flower make you think of that?" asked one of the children.

"The child's kind action was as small among actions, as is the seed of this flower among seeds. The child, perhaps, does not remember it. It was done as easily as the seed was wafted here by the wind; yet it came from as loving a heart, and love for the sorrowing and the poor is born in heaven. One thing more—do you think this flower would look so beautiful if it were surrounded by other as beautiful flowers?"

"No," said the eldest of the children. "I see what you mean. That little action was a great deal to the poor, weary man;—just as much as this beautiful flower is to your garden."

So, the little brown seed, wafted by the wind to a desolate place, taught the widow's daughter and the children a lesson for life.

About Women.

A Woman's Board of Missions has just been organized in New Haven.

MRS. GREATOREX was sojourning when last heard from in Nuremberg.

A new Woman's Rights journal entitled *Der Frauen Anwalt*, (*Women's Advocate*) has appeared in Berlin, Prussia.

A couple of Des Moines (Iowa) girls have invented and patented a washing and cooking boiler.

Miss Paynter, a young lady from Wales, preached in the Welsh Baptist Church of Utica on a recent Sunday.

Eighty young ladies trained in the Queen's Institute, Dublin, are now employed in the various English telegraphic offices.

Matilda Heron has lost all her property by misfortune, and is obliged to return to the stage.

LILLY M. SPENCER is painting four portraits of members of the families of Comptroller Connelly and Surrogate Hutchings.

IN Queen Victoria's crown there are 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds, 1 large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 small rubies, and 277 pearls—a total of 2186 precious stones.

The wife of Prince Hohenzollern is said to be the handsomest blonde among the Princesses of Germany. She is a daughter of ex-King Ferdinand of Portugal.

Miss S. F. Tobie, of this city, now connected with the Gorham Seminary, has sent in her resignation, in order to take a position offered her in Westfield Normal School.

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady said, as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the reply.

Many ladies of New York have engaged in what is well called "The Flower Charity," the distribution of fruits and flowers and books among the hospitals, and especially at Bellevue and Blackwell's Island.

GOOD FOR SUSAN.—The story goes that Horace Bemis, in his discussions with Miss Anthony, remarked that "he had never heard of a man having seven devils cast out of him." To which she replied, "No, they are not cast out yet, I believe." Horace wilted.

Miss Laura C. Redden, known to the literary world under her *nom de plume* of "Howard Glydon," is entirely deaf, and practically a mute, but writes very pleasant letters and sketches for the newspapers, and takes the world cheerily—more so, perhaps, than if she could hear all that is said.

CHARLES READE'S new novel has a frontispiece representing a young man seated very close to a very pretty girl, and when we look at this picture, and are told by the title-page to "Put Yourself in His Place," we feel most deucedly like taking the advice.—*Louisville Journal.*

EDMONIA LEWIS, the colored sculptress, who boasts that she was born in a wigwam, is at Rome, and is engaged on a copy of her Madonna, in marble, for the young Marquis of Bute, the millionaire, who lately became a convert to Catholicism, and is spending his zeal and his money in church paintings and statues.

We advocate any measure that extends woman's usefulness, and gives her new opportunities for earning her own livelihood. The misfortune of women is that they are crowded out of a hundred employments in which they might engage with advantage to themselves and the country. We owe women the chance to work. Why should she be confined to the needle? Throw down the barriers, and let her have a chance to do everything that she can. The basis of woman's rights is the right to work."—*John Russell Young.*

The rights of woman rest upon precisely the same foundation as the rights of man. The logic of Democracy and the logic of events join hands, and it seems to me that our chief work is to press upon the minds of all thinking men and women, constantly and persistently, the inevitable alternative of renouncing the very principles of Free Government, altogether, or else the acceptance of that principle in the whole length and breadth of its application to all citizens regardless of race, color, or sex. It was a logic similar to this which gave the Abolitionists their power, and finally crowned their labors with triumph in spite of all the arguments which could be mustered, founded upon the predicted mischief of giving freedom to the bondman.—*G. W. Julian.*

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 11, 1870.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

It is with an indignation difficult to be expressed that we refer to the introduction into the American city of St. Louis of the French system of registering fallen women.

We are not in possession of all the facts concerning the experiment by which a smaller Paris is aping a larger one; but the fundamental feature of the case is the opening of a ledger by the police authorities in St. Louis, in which are recorded the names, nativities, ages and other necessary particulars for the identification of the prostitutes of that Sodom. The list is as yet but partially completed. Persons who know the topography of the city will understand us when we mention that the registration already includes all such women residing north of Chouteau avenue. The list has reached between six and seven hundred names, and will probably go up to a thousand.

With unreserved condemnation, we aver that this book reflects as much shame on the men who are writing it as on the women who are written in it.

The most horrible of trades is prostitution. It is a devil's business in which women and men are equal partners, and from which they should reap an equal measure of guilt and condemnation. If a woman falls, she falls because she is dragged down by a man. Woman's merchandise of her body—by which she makes a market of herself in the sheets—is impossible without man's complicity in the hellish bargain. God never ordained two codes of morality—one for woman and the other for man. The same judgment is visited by the Divine Judge impartially upon each of the two participants in the sins of the sexes. He who is no respecter of persons holds both males and females to an equal and awful accountability for their mutual and infernal crime.

But what says the city of St. Louis to this just equality of guilt and penalty? It says: "We are a man's government. The power is all in the hands of our own sex. Let us therefore make a public record which shall affix the shame of prostitution wholly on women, and remove it wholly from men." This is the meaning of the ledger opened by the Board of Health of St. Louis.

Now, in the name of all that is just and equal, we maintain that there is only one way in which a government of men (if they are gentlemen) can find a decent pretext for keeping a public record of prostitutes; and that is, by adding to it a similar record of paramours. If the police must register the women, let them also register the men. Prostitution is committed on the basis of a business contract; and if one party thereto must give legal notice to the authorities, let the other do the same. Let impartial justice be dealt to both accomplices in a common crime.

With the great question whether the social evil should be regulated by the government at all, or whether it more properly lies beyond the sphere of civil recognition and control, we do not now deal, for this is not the question in St. Louis. The government of that city *has* assumed the right to institute a municipal supervision of this crime. For the sake of the argument, we may grant that this is a rightful assumption of power. But if, in the exercise of this prerogative, the city government deals out, for the same offence, less punishment to men than to women; if, for the same act, it exposes women to shame, while it screens men from detection; then we denounce such a government as guilty of an outrage against justice—yea, such a mockery of equity as should excite the scorn of all pure women, and all good men.

If St. Louis or any other city has any right to regulate the social evil, we demand that it shall lay its governmental hand with equal weight on men and women. The needful process to effect this even-handed justice is simple and practicable. If every house of prostitution is to be known to the police, and if every woman residing in it is to be registered in the official list, then let a policeman stand at the door, and take the name, residence and occupation (under oath) of every man who enters; and let every man who, on entering, shall shall swear falsely, be tried for perjury, and suffer the customary penalty for that crime. The only just system of governmental control of the social evil—the only one which can be made consistent with itself, which can have any pretext for existence, or which can be anything else than a tyrannous fraud—is one which will record in the St. Louis ledger the names of the men, as well as of the women, who thus commit the unpardonable sin against society.

We make this amendment to the St. Louis plan, and have faith to believe that the plan, as amended, would prove a very short method for putting out a fire of hell which the public authorities seem to be kindling afresh in that city.

OUR CELESTIAL VISITANTS.

It somewhat surprises us that, in the multitudinous dissertations with which the newspapers now are teeming on the Chinese question, so few writers have alluded to the cognate topic of the employment of women. The one great foreigner who is now seeking entrance into all profitable trades and pursuits is woman. She has hitherto been an alien to them all—barred out by an exclusion which, in ten thousand cases, has starved her in her widowhood, and reduced her to a social condition of subserviency and wretchedness. All vocations are open to men—only a few to women. Accordingly, all women depending on their daily labor for their daily bread have been driven, by sheer necessity, into these few avenues—restrained from seeking others because these prescribed few have been supposed to be the only proper paths wherein fair, dainty and womanly feet could becomingly walk toward work and wages. Whenever woman has ventured into some new opening of business, to learn some new trade, to make her hand dextrous in the manufacture of some new fabric, she has been cried out against by the whole chorus of male mechanics and artisans, alleging, like Demetrius the silversmith, that their craft was in danger. Men in every department of trade have acted toward women exactly as the Crispins are now acting toward the Chinese. We well remember what a clamor was raised by the general guild of printers against the admission of women to the printer's trade. And yet if woman can do any one thing particularly well, it is type-setting. But the advent of woman as a compositor was like the advent of a John Chinaman as a shoemaker: she was met with insults and bluffs; she was told that she was diminishing the wages of men—yes, of her father, her husband, her brother; she was chidden home again to her needle; she was informed that the art of setting type belonged to men alone, and that women had no right to learn it, to practice it, or to earn money by it. But being persevering as a Chinaman (and the Chinaman is the woman of mankind!) she gently forced her way against her Massachusetts of opposition, and outwitted her North Adams of prejudice. Nevertheless, her battle, like the Chinaman's, is as yet only a partial victory. She needs, like the North Adamite man, the sympathy of all true hearts in behalf of her necessities, her struggles, and her rights. Every step of progress made by any toiler is a step made by all toilers. Any demonstration in favor of the rights of any human being is an equal demonstration in favor of the rights of all human beings. We have ever been proud of the sympathy which Americans have shown to our own ignorant and needy Irish, by allowing them to come to our shores, and to find here a career of usefulness and an opportunity for fortune. Our whole hearts went out in interest and anxiety for the progress of the anti-slavery movement, shedding as it did a ray of hope on the despised and lowly negro of the plantation. We feel equally interested in the spectacle of American magnanimity toward the Chinese who have come among us for a breath of our fresh air of freedom. We see, in all these instances of slow but sure justice to a wronged working class, a prophecy of the time when woman, too, now industrially lower than the Irish, lower than the Negro, lower than the Chinaman, shall be allowed to pursue any trade which her cunning hands can learn, and to receive her wages unchallenged by any trades-unions of selfish men. We are just as much ashamed of any Crispin who throws an obstacle in the way of Chinese mechanics as we are of any man who throws an obstacle in the way of female printers. The interests of women are bound up with the interests of all other oppressed classes. In the present crisis of one of these classes, let every patriot stand by the rights of the Chinese, for, in so doing, he is indirectly helping the cause of his own mother, his own daughter, his own wife.

MICHIGAN MEDICAL MEN AND WOMEN.

We think our good and great neighbor, the *Independent*, wastes a little too much powder in giving nearly a column of editorial to celebrating the admission of women to the medical department of Michigan University. This institution has, we think, been unnecessarily praised for its progressiveness. We do not know of an instance in which it has led in any of the great advances that have been made. It surely has not led in the woman movement. Women have been admitted already

to many of the best medical colleges in the United States. In Chicago all the medical colleges have opened wide their doors to lady students. The medical was the very first of the learned professions to open to women, or rather, the very first into which they conquered a way. And after the point had been conceded, even in Philadelphia hospitals and our own conservative Bellevue, the Michigan University medical professors were too regardful of the refinement and modesty of their gentlemen students to admit ladies to the lectures. And now they come lumbering along behind with a set of duplicate lectures where women may come in, after a fashion, at the second table, and we thank them for "this little bit of string." But we cannot throw up our hats and cheer lustily. These medical professors had to be dragged at the tail of the car—dragged by public sentiment and by the other department of their own great institution. We are glad to see that they resign themselves to the will of Providence—to the inevitable. But they are almost too late and too reluctant for heroes.

HARD TO PLEASE.

The *Citizen and Round Table* says:

The poor old REVOLUTION is on its last limbs; nothing feminine has grosser continuations in this country. We predicted this fate last week when we announced the painful fact that it was growing sensible; but the end is coming faster than we expected. Its downward career is one of absolute fatuity. In its leading editorial of the last number, it actually said that "men were not naturally unjust." Here is an admission, a very death-blow to the entire woman's rights movement. If men are not tyrants, brutes, and oppressors, whose principal delight is too trample on their wives, and dance on the prostrate bodies of their daughters, what is the mission of the REVOLUTION?

We should be very glad, indeed, to please our friend, but if nothing but abuse and warfare against men will do it, we greatly fear he will have to be disappointed, and then there is such a variety of tastes, it is pretty hard even for a Revolutionary woman to be all things to all men.

One of our exchanges says:

Mrs. Darwin is a good thinker, but a little heavy. The trouble with her, as with many others, is that she has too much, rather than too little, thought and reading.

Think of a woman being found fault with for such a cause! We should not wonder if some of us should be charged with professing reasoning powers; a crime of which, thus far, we believe even that mythical individual, "our worst enemy," has not dared to accuse us. Another irate brother of the press, speaking of an article which appeared in our columns on dress and fashion, says: "We are disappointed in the REVOLUTION; it has not advanced one step beyond the old *womanly* sphere." We are at a loss to say which really is "the most unkindest cut of all." We think, upon due consideration, we shall plead "guilty" to all the charges brought against us; and in view of the fact of their being our first offences in this direction, recommend ourselves strongly to mercy.

Mrs. Stevens, of the San Francisco *Pioneer*, is generally recognized as "the bewitching little curly-headed editor."

THE question of Woman Suffrage is agitating Nevada. An amendment to this end is being canvassed before the people.

A QUESTION OF AGE.

In a letter from Hong Kong to the Boston *Traveller*, the writer refers to what he calls "these old words:"

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer to my home to-day
Than I've ever been before;
Nearer the crystal gate,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown."

One would suppose, from seeing the above well-known hymn called "old," that it was written at least a century or two ago, instead of being (as it is) the composition of our blooming friend, Phebe Cary, a lady who, though probably twenty years older than her hymn, is not herself anywhere near being "old." We are quite sure, however, that Miss Cary's beautiful hymn will live long enough to be one day justly called "old."

UNSEXED.

During the meeting of the Educational Convention at Warrenton, Va., Prof. Venable of the University, offered a resolution to the effect, that the lady teachers of the State be invited to become members of the association. Rev. Mr. Averett, a member of the Convention, opposed it in the following language:

"It was a step in the wrong direction, looking rather to the unsexing than elevation of that portion of society upon whose shoulders rested the welfare of mankind, and drag her down from her empyrean height of purity and modesty. Let not the garments of Southern womanhood be soiled by the dust and dirt of dingy surroundings, but rather allow the women of the South to remain the faithful custodians of our Lares and Penates;"

It must be very fine, indeed, for woman to dwell on an "*empyrean height*," but for the purpose of guarding the *Lares and Penates*, not to mention other and more prosaic work which women are sometimes expected to do in this practical world, would it be a little inconvenient as a steady residence?

WE were gladdened last week to receive at our office a visit from Miss Susan B. Anthony, who, notwithstanding hot weather and many toils, is as fresh, unwearied, cheerful, and enthusiastic as ever. Miss Anthony has been making an extensive tour among Womans' Suffrage Conventions in the West. Next winter she proposes to devote herself to the Lyceum.

Queen victoria is said to be a very decided opponent of woman suffrage. So strongly does she feel on this subject that she recently testified most emphatically her commendation of a pamphlet written by a literary lady of London, denouncing the woman-suffrage movement, and the women engaged in it. Victoria ordered a highly-complimentary letter to be sent the authoress, together with a considerable sum of money to be used for the more general circulation of the pamphlet.

"Modesty is a quality that highly adorns the female sex," so said our old copy-book, and it is delightful to see one who has not felt it her duty either to refuse a crown, or abdicate a throne, so willing that her sisters should "blush unseen."

EIGHTY young ladies, trained in the Queen's Institute, Dublin, are now employed in the various English telegraph offices.

A PINING BIRD.

It would be a great regret to us if our amiable Brooklyn neighbor, the *Eagle*, should prove to be a pecuniary disappointment to its new proprietors. We have felt ourselves under such obligation to its present editorial management for many flattering notices of the REVOLUTION, that we sincerely trust no permanent or serious ill future is in store for the *Eagle*. Of course, Mr. Van Anden's retirement from its partnership made all its friends fear awhile, and now the prospective removal of Mr. Kinsella to a residence in a more southern climate perhaps augments rather than allays these apprehensions. But we are sure that a paper which has been so long established as the *Eagle*, has only to import a little more brilliancy and vivacity into its editorial columns in order to restore its intellectual, and thereby its pecuniary stability.

MISS CASSATTE.

Anne Brewster writes from Rome that our American artists and students are working diligently and well. Miss Cassatte, who has been studying with Edouard Frere, in Paris, for six years, and in Rome for a year, under the friendly counsel of Hebert, the Principal of the French Academy at Rome, returns to her native country this season, and will begin her profession. Her success in Europe gives warrant of her capablility. She sent a head to the French Exposition last winter; it was not only accepted, but "placed upon the line," a compliment never extended but to works of great merit. Miss Cassatte is a thoroughly educated artist, and only needs now what proper encouragement can give her to ripen her culture and natural gifts into full fruit. She is no self-taught clever amateur or *dilettante*, who executes remarkable sketches which needs some more experienced hand to give them artistic form and shape, but a well-trained artist.

MRS. HANAFORD.

WITH considerable pride at being the first regularly ordained woman-preacher in Massachusetts, Rev. Mrs. Phebe A. Hanaford has had put into handsome shape the account of the *Services of Ordination and Installation* of herself as pastor of the first Universalist church in Hingham, Mass., Feb'y 19th, 1868. Two services (on Sunday) were requisite. One of the sermons was preached, and the hand of fellowship given, by Rev. Olympia Brown, and hymns, written by Mrs. Caroline A. Mason, of Fitchburg, Mrs. Moses G. Farmer, of Salem, Mrs. Nancy T. Munroe, of Somerville, Miss Almira Seymour, of Boston, Mrs. M. A. Adams, and Mrs. Eunice H. Cobb, were sung. It was an event in woman's history, and, of course, was made much of. Mrs. Hanaford is now settled at New Haven, Conn.

OUR friend Justin McCarthy, in *The Galaxy*, pays the following tribute to George Sand:

"George Sand has been, beyond any possible comparison, the most influential woman-writer—perhaps the most influential writer whatever—of our day. Carlyle's influence can hardly be said to pass outside the limits of the English tongue; but George Sand's power has stamped itself deeply into the mind, the morals, the manners, the very legislation of every civilized country in the world."

CONCERNING THE WASHINGTON ANTI-SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

Anti-woman's suffrage is no new thing under the sun. It is this which the advocates of that movement have had to struggle against ever since they begun the agitation. But the opposition has recently taken a new and entirely different form. It is said, with a great flourish of rhetoric and blowing of trumpets, that the women are to take the field against us. A petition has been drawn up, addressed to Congress, praying that body not to grant the voting privilege to women, and accompanying the petition are a list of the arguments, the old stereotyped arguments, which we have all heard so often, and so often answered. This document emanates from Washington, from the parlors of high life, from the capacious heads and profound hearts of the rich and elegant dames who lead and adorn the fashionable society of our capital. It is being circulated throughout the land for signatures, and by the time Congress assembles next winter will have attained, no doubt, the dimensions of a "monster petition."

We fear this tardy protest comes too late. These ladies ought to have bethought them of this counter-movement at least fifteen years ago. As it is, they have suffered us to get that much the start of them. There was a time when, by earnest and concerted action, they might have arrested, at least temporarily, the progress of the reform which they now, in this eleventh hour, set out to extinguish. But it is pretty certain that that time is past. When the movement was in its infancy they despised it. In those days it seemed too feeble and too absurd to be worth anything more than a passing sneer, and the idea of combatting it by serious argument and active effort found no favor with our fine ladies, who, with the arrogance and disdain common to received opinions, regarded such work as outside of woman's sphere, and a matter which it was unbecoming in them to meddle with, or even to think about. But this is no longer the attitude of our opponents. They have discovered that our movement cannot be pooh poohed down, and that we will gain the day unless a counter-campaign be inaugurated sufficiently formidable to put us down. And yet it seems to us, as before remarked, that they have started too late to do our cause any harm, as we shall point out further along. Our cause, by being "let alone," by being superciliously ignored, and put under the ban by polite society, has grown to be so powerful, and is gaining ground so rapidly, that one cannot help seeing that it possesses every feature of a cause that is destined to succeed. Has the Washington society duly considered the magnitude of the work it has undertaken? There are few causes that have enlisted in their behalf a vaster array of powerful intellect than the cause of woman's rights. We need not enumerate the names of the distinguished persons of both sexes who are its active and earnest advocates. Their name is legion, and every well-informed person will readily recall them to mind. And each day records new accessions to their ranks. Nor are they confined to this country. In France, in Italy, in Russia, and even in Spain, the woman movement is characterized by a spirit of progress, while in England and America it is but little short of having assumed the magnitude of a popular idea. All this goes to show that the Washington ladies have set themselves to perform a task of no easy accomplishment. It is very plain, that to succeed, they will have to work much harder than is common to people of their class. They will, no doubt, find an army of reformers about the toughest set of adversaries to contend with they have ever encountered. In this army is to be found a large number of the most original thinkers and brilliant writers of our epoch, the men and women who inspire the thoughts and mould the opinions of their generation. In view of these considerations, is it not obvious that this counter-movement, which is so loudly heralded by a certain portion of the obstructive press, should have been inaugurated long ago, when the cause that it would crush was almost universally obnoxious, when its friends were a mere handful of contemned individuals, and when their public assemblies were deemed a sufficient provocation for a resort to mob violence? It looks now, however, as if the tables had been turned. Potentially, certainly, and perhaps practically, it is not unlikely that the anti-suffragers will find themselves in a minority before they have proceeded far in their campaign of active resistance. They will soon find out how much they have lost, and how much we have gained by the attitude of contemptuous indifference they have so long occupied towards the woman's rights question. They will discover that in all these years they have been poor interpreters of the signs of the times, that they have suffered the infant to grow until it has attained the size and strength of a giant.

Nor is this nearly all. They will find that in order to produce any impression upon the public mind, each one of them will have to become *strong-minded* in the genuine Susan B. Anthony sense. The party they oppose is an earnest, aggressive and terribly determined party. And the Anti-Suffragers will have to meet this party in its own field, and with its own weapons.

In short, unless this Washington movement is a mere make-believe, a sort of holiday sport to relieve the *ennui* of a bevy of elegant ladies whose time hangs heavy on their hands, it will be necessary for them to unsex themselves, as they say Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and their coadjutors have done, and also, like these, to quit that region without definable boundaries vaguely known as "woman's sphere," and become editors of newspapers, occupy pulpits, hold conventions and conduct the campaign, in all respects, like those against whom they have undertaken to contend. If they would make any headway at all, such are the tactics they must adopt. And in that case, what will happen? Why it will be tantamount to a triumph of our side. The very fact of these ladies having taken the field is in itself a result of our labors. Except that they are on a wrong platform, they will be engaged in doing exactly what we desire women should do—manifest a lively interest, and play an active part in public affairs. We shall behold the complete obliteration of the existing conventional distinctions between the strong-minded and the weak-minded women, and, furthermore, it may result in hastening the achievement of woman suffrage. Mere discussion will not settle the question, and so nothing will be left but an appeal to the ballot box. In times of war very radical measures are sometimes adopted, and we apprehend that one of the very first consequences of this last phase of the women movement will be a submission of the question to a vote of the people without regard to sex.

To this complexion the controversy will inevitably come at last. Nothing less will dispose of it, and if the voting privilege is ever conceded, it will be impossible ever to recall it. No woman who has ever voted once will rest content until she is allowed to vote again and again. Of course, the Washington society does not contemplate any result like this. But if it persists in prosecuting the war, we do not see how it is to escape it; and unless it is prepared for such a revolution—a revolution which it is its avowed purpose to avert—we would earnestly exhort its members to abide in their *spheres* and cease to bother themselves with the woman agitation. The Washington ladies have certainly adopted a course which will land them and society exactly where they don't want things to go.

Thus far, the most formidable obstacle to the progress of the suffrage movement has been, not the opposition, but the torpid indifference of the women of the higher walks of life. To see this indifference giving place to activity, even though it be the activity of opposition, is to us a most welcome sight, and a most palpable evidence of progress. But it bodes no good to our enemies. If they are wise, they will strive to perpetuate the old indifferences, and, instead of becoming attentive and open-minded, they will remain as heretofore, thoughtless, prejudiced, and disdainful; instead of opposing arguments by arguments, and involving themselves in a heated discussion, they will maintain the existing mental state of insensibility to, and incapacity for argument.

We have said the Washington society owes its origin to the efforts of the suffrage party. The agitations of that party has called it into existence. Had there been no one to demand the ballot for woman, we may be sure no party would ever have arisen in opposition to the measure. Accordingly, we welcome our opponents to the field of conflict. They come to scoff and condemn, they may stay to applaud. The formation of this society means that the women of the upper crust of society have been aroused from their apathy. It shows that modern and progressive ideas have at last penetrated into the *boudoirs* and *salms* of opulence and fashion. It is a most welcome sight to behold the inmates of luxurious homes engaged in thinking, writing and acting about subjects of general interest. Progress has nothing to fear from people who think; it is the non-thinking classes who chiefly obstruct its pathway. With thinking people, a bad cause, in the long run, is sure to meet with condemnation, and a worthy one with acceptance; but a prejudiced, ignorant and intolerant society is incapable of rational discrimination, and is only too apt to confound the new with the bad, and to regard what is old and established with the good. Hence, never until now has the female element in society ever manifested the first condition of a qualification to do justice to the woman reform question. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Washington society will be bold,

zealous, and pushing. By this means they will emancipate themselves and all others who may be induced to join their ranks. The very act of concerning themselves with a large and vital social question will have a wonderful and highly desirable effect upon the intellectual and moral development of all who take it up. In this particular instance, it is true that these ladies have set themselves to oppose what seems to be manifest destiny, to what is certainly the tendency of the age. Nevertheless, we hope they will not be discouraged. If woman suffrage is ever to be, nothing can be more important than that those who are to be most affected by it, shall be, in a measure, prepared for the new order of things, when it does come. As a preparatory discipline, therefore, the course adopted by the anti-suffragers will prove an invaluable experience; whether they win or lose, they will themselves be all the better for the struggle. Even if women are never allowed to vote, it will be a great gain to them to have qualified for the duty. Surely, a knowledge of politics, a closer relation to general affairs, and a larger measure of public spirit will do women no harm. It will certainly be better for them to occupy their minds with such matters than with dress, scandal, and the frivolous inanities which make up the life of too many of the ladies of the day.

There is one thing more to be said in connection with this opposition organization. By exciting a livelier degree of interest in the question, as it is bound to do, there is great danger of multiplying converts to our party. Observation proves that female suffragers are numerous, just in proportion to the amount of interest that is taken in the subject. They are fewest in those communities where least is thought and said about it. Perhaps nine-tenths of those who are favorable to the political enfranchisement of women were once, not only indifferent, but downright opponents of the measure. These will, no doubt, attribute their conversion to that *pestilential* agitation which the Washington declare must be suppressed, but which they are doing all in their power to foment and intensify. They cannot expect to make many friends to their own views, for it may be safely said that all those who have never cared for the subject are with them already, while the great bulk of those who have given the question any consideration, are either biased in favor, or are ardent friends of the other side. Consequently, any action that tends to excite to the study of the woman question is pretty certain to work in the future as in the past; it will increase the number of those who favor giving woman the ballot.

Thus view the matter from what point we will, we meet with nothing that looks encouraging to the prospects of Mrs. Dahlgreen and her associates. To do anything at all is to help on the cause they wish to defeat. To fight the strong-minded, they must begin by becoming strong-minded themselves. In striving to restrict woman to that narrow domain of domestic life, which they call her natural sphere, their first step must be to *unsex* themselves, as it is called, and overstep the boundaries of that sphere. So far as the character of the act is concerned, it is just as unwomanly to circulate a petition against suffrage as to circulate one in favor of it. If it is unwomanly to plead for the ballot, it is equally unwomanly to oppose it.

And again, by entering the field as opponents of the reform, they do thereby involve the whole of society in the conflict, and in default of any other way of deciding the issue, it will become necessary to submit the question to a popular vote; and then we shall have the curious spectacle of anti-suffragers casting votes, or, in other words, doing the very thing which they affirm it is repugnant to woman's feelings, and degrading to her nature to do.

Furthermore, by moving in the matter at all, these Washington ladies will set all femaledom, and its satellites, the fops, to thinking, and as theirs is a negative principle, and the other an affirmative one—as the one appeals to prejudice and use, the other to reason and the law of progress—it is very plain that the result must be to strengthen the hands of the reform party. In an atmosphere of discussion reformers always flourish, and when they have succeeded in carrying their cause beyond the stages of neglect and ridicule, which has been done as soon as it has become a subject of popular attention, then the hour of triumph is near at hand. The only way to check a reform is to ignore it. Under such treatment its progress is grievously slow. When a reform movement begins to win listeners, it begins to make converts.

This the Washington ladies will soon learn to their sorrow. Our prediction is, that they will either abandon their work or become Suffragers themselves. They will not be long in finding out that to oppose the suffrage movement is one of the best ways of promoting it. The wives and associates of politicians ought to have been wiser and more far-seeing. As for ourselves, we welcome the new movement, and regard it as a sign of progress.

Could the women of Northampton vote to-day on the question of supplying the town with water, the result would be equally propitious and certain. And why should they not vote on this project? They realize just as fully the needs of the town as the men. Every feature of the question is just as intelligent to them as it is to us, and they are just as vitally interested in the issue. Shutting them out from all action on questions of such paramount importance, especially when they are equally interested, is a kind of mean, cowardly abuse, which no refined commonwealth should tolerate. We want to see the wives and mothers of Northampton allowed to vote in all municipal affairs at least; and then, when they have demonstrated that they can act judiciously and intelligently on those questions, grant them the audacious privilege of saying who shall represent them in Congress and the Legislature. You old fogy and conservative, never fear. They know ten times as well how to vote as you do now.—*Northampton Free Press.*

The Kansas diocese takes the lead among the Episcopalians in recognizing the ecclesiastical rights of women. At the meeting of the Kansas Convention, this month, two ladies and six gentlemen were placed on the board of examiners of the diocesan seminary, being the first instance in the country in which women have been elected to a diocesan office. They have always had a right to vote at the parish meeting of the diocese. The rector of Lawrence and Leavenworth took the lead in the recent nominations.

CHRISTINA NILSSON.

As the renowned Swedish prima donna, Christina Nilsson has been engaged by Max Strakosch to sing in New York next September, the following sketch may interest some of our readers:

"Christina Nilsson was born on the 3rd of August, 1848, in the hamlet of Hussaby, near the southern coast of Sweden, and is the youngest of eight children. As is the case with most persons gifted with unusual genius, she was remarkable even as a child. Her girlish warblings delighted the peasantry of the village, and at last attracted the notice of a wealthy family, who recognized the peculiar beauty of her voice, and undertook to secure for her a musical education. Once taken from her peasant home, she found many friends and patrons, and finally placed herself under the instruction of M. Wartel, in Paris, and pursued a severe course of training for several years.

"She made her first appearance on the French stage 27th of October, 1864, and from that time to the present has divided with Adelina Patti the plaudits and honors of the courts and capitals of Europe.

"The fair-haired songstress has been singing recently at the Drury Lane, London, and though the English capital has been frequently delighted by her before, the public has gone well nigh wild over her. At last accounts she was appearing there as the Countess, in "Figaro," and the London *Graphic* concludes a notice highly laudatory of the performance by remarking that "the applause was tremendous, her reception immense, and that the audience went away delighted, it is superfluous to add."

A brave woman is Mrs. Flinn, of Detroit; and although poor and uneducated, and obliged to wash for her daily bread, she has a most heroic spirit. One evening, when carrying some linen to a soldier at the fort near the river, she heard cries of distress, and saw forms struggling in the water a short distance from shore. She perceived that they were boys, and were floating down, clinging to a capsized skiff. Mrs. Flinn first looked for a boat, but seeing none seized a board and pushed into the stream. The water almost floated her from her perch; but she rapidly neared the boys, cheering them through the gloom to hold on. When she reached the skiff she made the boys take firmer hold, and in some almost miraculous manner—for she could not swim—pushed the boat to shore and took them off. The lads were about thirteen years old, and being thoroughly chilled when rescued, would doubtless have perished but for the energetic courage of this brave woman.

Disraeli on Female Suffrage.—The many admirers of the ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain, who are now reading his brilliant novel of "Lothair," will be interested in knowing that he acknowledges himself a "suffragist." In 1866 he said in Parliament: "I have always been of opinion that if there is to be universal suffrage, women have as much right to vote as men."

An object of interest—a girl whose interest is three thousand a year.

LOVE AND FATE.

It was the last evening of a month I had been spending with my friend Frank Blundell. We had met, after an interval of some years, in his country home. My friend had married since I last saw him, and his wife was a stranger to me until this visit. I found her one of the few wives who practically recommend marriage to their husbands' unmarried friends. This she did, in a great measurd, by the sense of reliableness as a wife—I don't know how I can better describe it—which she conveyed. Her husband evidently had faith in her, in small matters as in great. It was plain that he trusted to her doing a thing as he would like to have it done, and that they had become one in the details of every-day experience, as they were one in heart.

Assuredly hers was a very pleasant face, with its setting of beautiful hair, and its rare eyes—eyes which stand the test of a heightened color—becoming neither dull, nor uncertain, nor metallic, but only warmer-toned, as nature becomes in a summer sunset. As a hostess—a position affording such opportunities of making or marring the comfort of a guest—Mrs. Frank Blundell was eminently the "woman in the right place."

Their cottage was delightfully placed, looking southward, across a valley, upon plantations of sweet chestnuts, then fast crimsoning; for it was the season, so enjoyable in the country, between the very out-doorishness of summer and the permanent adoption of fires. There was plenty of amusement—walks and drives in the charming neighborhood, and visits to the hop gardens, where armies of hop-pickers, with their pioneers, the pole-pullers, were advancing, leaving desolation in their track—a scene which no artist has fairly pictured, but which everybody ought to see.

Well, as I have said, it was my last evening at the cottage. We were sitting together, Blundell and I, after dinner, when he said, "There's a fire in my room; I vote we go there till Mary is ready for tea."

So we went, and talked from our easy chairs through a perfumed cloud. It soon became evident to me that my friend had "something on his mind."

"In all our talks together about old times, since you have been here," he said, "we have never touched upon one topic. I suppose some delicacy of feeling—for I verily believe you have a little of it—has prevented your beginning the subject."

I was going to protest against this modified form of compliment, and to ask a question, when I was stopped by—

"Don't bother, that's a good fellow, or I shall never get to my story. You remember well enough, I have no doubt, how I used to talk of Mary Percival?"

"Yes," I said, "and I have often wondered what it all came to. The Christian name is a 'household word' here. Was it Mary—?" I was checked again by Blundell's look.

"You promised to listen," he growled, "and now are cross-examining. Have a little patience, and forgive me, too, if I repeat what I have already told you. Mary Percival and I were friends from infancy. Our mothers were friends before us, and my earliest recollections are associated with her and hers. When we came to be man and woman, we read and argued, and were happy together, as we had played and quarrelled and 'made up' again in our childhood. The old friendship had increased, but had not changed its character; at least I can speak for myself. You remember what Tennyson says in 'Dora.'

> 'The youth, because
> He had always been with her in the house,
> Thought not of Dora.'

It was something like this with me. Yet I admired Mary very much, and loved her, 'after a fashion,' very dearly, and would have done or suffered almost anything to give her pleasure or to spare her pain. You have heard all this before. I don't mean to inflict any more of it on you. Now take yourself back to college for a moment, and try to recall a man named Horner—'Handsome Horner,' they called him."

"I remember him perfectly," I said. "A broad-shouldered man, with curly, chestnut hair, and white arms."

"He and I had a slight acquaintance at the college, and meeting in town after we took our degree, we became very good friends. Some time after this he wrote to ask me to go and see them at his father's. I went and saw his father and mother, and, more than all, I saw his sister. Recalling her brother—fancy him a woman—refined, brightened, intensely beautified, and you can form some idea of Mary Horner. It is impossible for me to describe fitly the effect she produced on me from the first. My acquaintance had included some very pretty women, but Mary Horner was a new experience. She fascinated me. You may be sure that I did not get any better the longer I stayed within the charmed circle. I got on famously with all the people down there, and fancied that I was not disliked by her.

"You know what I mean. But I could never detect anything like symptoms of reciprocity of affection. On the contrary, she treated me with cordial but thoroughly self-possessed friendliness. She was not the sort of woman to encourage a lover; and then the the exercise, and the general atmosphere of the place were so conducive to health and spirits that the lady had no reason, on that first visit, to suspect from my appearance the condition of my heart. This was in the summer; but the following winter found me there again. I met some pleasant people whom I had not seen before; among others, a Mr. Charles Oxenden. He was a really good fellow, an accomplished man, and an agreeable companion. All this I could but acknowledge, in spite of the shadow of a consciousness that there was 'something' in the confidential relationship subsisting between him and Mary Horner. But there was nothing in the conduct of either that I could complain of as lover-like, even if I had possessed any right to complain at all. I am not prepared to state that on this second visit I might not have, almost involuntarily, betrayed myself; but there had never been the slightest approach to what is called a declaration. Our friendly intercourse had reached the stage of our calling one another by our Christian names. Her brother called me Frank habitually, as I called him Fred (which we should probably never have done if our intimacy had not dated from our college days), and she naturally fell, as indeed, all the family did, into the same habit. Equally natural it seemed for me to call her Mary. My stay at this time was short. We were an unbroken circle at home at Christmas; and I left, with my secret undivulged, a few days before Christmas day. But I ought to have told you that I had seen the Percivals frequently between these visits. They were living then near the city, the mother and daughter. Mrs. Percival had been a widow for some years, and I had talked to Mary a little about my admiration of the other Mary.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

LITERARY.

The Riverside Magazine for August is received, and, as usual, is full of pleasant and instructive matter for the young. The opening article, "Great-grandfather," by Hans Christian Anderson, is one of the best he has contributed to the magazine. "Father Garder's Rymyes" are pleasant and instructive, but could it not be possible to say something about the owl a little more original than "toowit toohoo?" We think that was said some time ago.

Good Health should be read by all, that they may learn how much better and easier prevention is than cure.

Says the *Wyandotte Gazette*, "Miss Anthony finds the true remedy for the evils resulting from intemperance to be in extending the franchise to women. And in this we think she is considerably more than half right."

Certainly she is. Does not every women know that when her husband can liquor away from home, he is very likely to keep up the habit at home, and lick her there.

We have received from Mrs. Starrett, of Lawrence, Kansas, a letter in which she consents, as soon as her other engagements will permit, to give us some articles on housekeeping, modern and co-operative. Judging from the articles which she contributed to the Kansas *Tribune* last year, we can promise something sensible and suggestive; suggestive they certainly have been to one of our cotemporaries, in which a late editorial bears a wonderful family likeness to the children of Mrs. Starrett's brain.

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